

THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.

HELIO TROPE

Read This Story Here, Then
Watch for It in Motion Pictures

Based on the Story by Richard Washburn Child, "Heliotrope," a Cosmopolitan Production Released as a Paramount-Artcraft Picture.

Directed by Geo. D. Baker.

Screen Version Novelized

By Jane McLean.

HELIO TROPE. HARRY's wild outburst was not only a blot on his record, but the kind of thing that set convicts on edge and destroyed morale. The warden, who had been telephoned to come on the run and looked in at the bars.

"What's the row here—open his door."

The guards protested: "It's dangerous, sir; he's gone off his head."

"Open the door," commanded "Square Mike," and the key turned in the lock.

Harry made a wild lunge only to find himself in the grasp of two men whose arms closed around him like steel. He fought and he struggled in vain. "Let him go," said the warden.

"Their arms loosened," the door shut and Heliotrope Harry stood facing the big man with the clear eyes.

"Pine sat down unconcerned. "Well, Harry, what's the matter—your trusty, too—come on now, what's the trouble—tell me."

Nothing harsh about his voice—He was talking man to man and Heliotrope Harry melted—sank to his knees and with his hands clasped, made his plea: "Warden let me go—I'll come back—I give my word."

"It's my little girl—they're going to hurt her, I've got to get out."

Pine looked the sympathy he felt, but he shook his head sadly. Harry edged forward on his knees, supplication in his voice, tears in his eyes.

"Warden I never thought I'd say it, but I got to save your life once in the riot before they knew you were on the level—pay me back—let me go."

Pine looked at him. "It's out of my hands, Harry; you know that."

For a second the old spirit broke loose. "Then I'll break jail—I'll—"

"Wait a minute, Harry; you haven't told me yet—"

Again the supplicating voice. "That's right, warden—there she is—my little girl—see this paper, where it tells about the wedding—that's my little girl, and that young chap—Andrew, he's going to marry her—and her mother—I guess I'd better not say what I want to about her—she's found it—found out after all these years who Alice is, and she's going to blackmail them and tell the world I'm her father."

Pine rose and faced the prisoner. "Harry, the governor's coming here Thursday—I'll put it up to him—I'll make it strong—I can't promise more. Is that right?"

Heliotrope Harry, broken now, gulping his thanks, seized the warden's hand and, pressing it in both his own, remained bowed like a worshiper.

The guards found him brooding as they passed on their rounds. He saw nothing; he heard nothing; he was consumed with hope. On Thursday the governor was to come and the warden would tell of his case. Suppose—suppose—but the possibilities over in his weary brain still he slept and in his sleep they took form again and raged rampant in wild dreams.

The days of the tormented father passed waiting for the arrival of Governor Mercer were days of unalloyed pleasure to the daughter, who was unaware of his existence. Having already notified the good sisters of her coming wedding, she returned with Mabel to say her farewells.

To her this breaking ties with the convent was the breaking of home ties. She recalled now her dreams of the great world, her longing to go beyond the mountain's

rim. She was starting on that very journey now over the ocean of romance she had so often pictured.

So there was genuine regret in her heart and tears in her eyes as she kissed Sister Angela good-bye.

"Don't forget us," said the sweet-faced woman, "when you come to the hard places of life think of us a little and may happiness and peace go with you."

"Dear Sister Angela, you know I could never forget you. All my joy has come through being here."

With the blessing of the sisters, Alice left the convent the envy of the girls who had once affected to look down on her.

But she went with no more light on the secret of her coming and the mystery loomed up more tantalizing than ever. She imagined what Mabel, who laughed away her fears, "Jimmie's marrying you for what you are, my dear, not for what you were."

"But suppose—" insisted Alice.

"Yes, suppose they were poor as church mice—it wouldn't make any difference."

"And we know they must have been good," replied Alice.

It was so easy to deal in generalities when the real story was unknown. The daughter of Heliotrope Harry could little imagine what sort of a man her father really was. Perhaps it was the knowledge that she couldn't hold him in affection—she regarded that made the prisoner never to offer the real man for the man he could have been and the man his Alice thought he must be.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

To Cure Sore Throat

By Brice Beiden, M. D.

QUININ sore throat differs from ordinary forms of tonsillitis in that the inflammation is more deeply seated in the tonsil, and tends to form an abscess.

An attack of quinin sore throat may last from three to ten days. It is not an uncommon disease. While the apparent cause is exposure to wet and cold its true source is a chronic bacterial infection of the deeper tonsillar tissue, or even of the spaces and structures underlying the tonsil.

The abscess which forms in the course of a quinin sore throat is therefore usually located under the tonsil, and burrows its way toward the roof of the mouth. Inspection usually reveals a bulging forward of the tissues over the tonsil. This swelling feels boggy to the finger, and finally presents an area softer than the rest of the mass, through which spontaneous rupture of the abscess takes place, or through which the surgeon makes an incision.

The apparent association between quinin and rheumatism simply means that the same organisms which give rise to the local disturbance in tonsillitis also play a part in the infection of the joints (arthritis). Known as rheumatism, in both cases the initial infection may be in or about the teeth.

The symptoms of quinin are chilliness and feverishness, increasing pain and soreness on swallowing, and finally almost complete inability to swallow, by which time either nature or the surgeon takes a hand in the way of relief.

The abscess ruptures or is opened by the surgeon the patient is unable to open his mouth beyond the fraction of an inch, while the saliva dribbles continually away. But with the discharge of the abscess, pain is relieved and the patient rapidly recovers.

The sufferer should gargle with hot water and have cold applications made to his neck until the abscess matter is removed. It should be liquid or soft and nourishing. Tonsils subject to quinin should be removed.

BOOKS

WOMAN ON THE BENCH. By Grace Irene Robinson. Washington: Fairview Publishing Company.

This pamphlet contains more matter for sober thought than many a book with as many chapters as it contains pages. The author has gone deeply into the whole subject concerning the place woman has heretofore occupied in affairs of government, explains the reason for her limited participation, and shows just why this state of affairs is even more unjust at present than in the past.

The first chapters are devoted to an exposition of the theory of representative government and to the organization of courts, all largely run by men under laws made by men, and from the viewpoint of men exclusively. She goes on to show that there are many cases tried in the courts where the presence of women as court officers would be an invaluable means to the ends of justice. Several instances are enumerated in support of this point.

The final chapters are taken up in an analysis of the effect upon American women of the changed attitude toward them of our men who served overseas and in contact with social organizations vastly different from ours. The author points to the necessity for meeting this altered attitude of American men. There is also a word of warning to women to be vigilant in public affairs, lest our standards be lowered by female immigrants.

MARRIED THREE YEARS AND CALLS IT A SUCCESS.

I am twenty-three years of age and married for a little over three years. To me marriage has been a success. And this is the reason. When I was going with my wife I studied her ways and watched her help her mother, which every young man should do, and when a young man expects to marry he should ask his wife-to-be to cook a meal or two, by which he could judge as to what kind of housekeeper she is. Instead of looking at how well she is dressed and how much rouge she has on her face, or how much money she can make him spend on her.

Don't lie, be honest in all your talk, and split fifty-fifty in everything. Most men don't tell their wives how much money they make, and they are nagging all the time to find out.

Come home, sit down and figure up your bills and whatever is left, split fifty-fifty.

A good woman likes to have her husband bring her home something, such as a bunch of flowers or box of candy. The wife should sometimes have something to surprise her husband, such as a new shirt. How proud it will make them both feel.

Think of each other's interests. Go out together and her real pals. Go to church and enjoy yourselves together.

Young people who get married should settle down and make a little home for themselves instead of going to the moving pictures every night or dancing, and the most of all happiness is a child in the home.

When you come home and talk cute to your wife, it seems as some men and women of today have no heart. Don't care for children, never give them a pleasant word on the street. What is most heavenly than a young baby in its mother's arms with papa there to help with whatever he can do.

And when father comes home always come in in a low and amiable for his wife no matter how rough and contrary his work has been all day. Have that smile and kiss which means a whole lot to a good wife.

When a man and woman feel a little contrary overlook the few little words and say, "You don't feel good, dear. Know, smile, smile, and always work in harmony with each other, and everything will go along alright."

Smile and enjoy good health, which comes from a good health. This is my married life for over three years.

JUST.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly—your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's consent.

Address your contributions to
MARRIAGE EDITOR,
The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

most of life's inharmonies will disappear as a shadow and marriage will be realized as a complete success.

H. H. B.

DECEMBER AND MAY WILL NOT MIX WELL.

As to happy and unhappy marriages.

It depends a great many times on the age of the couple. Say a girl eighteen or nineteen marries a man thirty-five. A man at this age is generally "settled," while a girl at nineteen is not settled. I will give here a pen picture of my own married life and how it turned out. I was only eighteen when I first met my husband, and when I became nineteen we were married. He being thirty-five. He did not seem old to me when we were married. We were always going out to dances and enjoyed everything together, but after a few months he seemed so changed—settled like a man at sixty, while I am just a

child yet. I do not believe in the husband being so old for a young girl. I think they should be nearer the same age.

MRS. L.

MARRIAGE FAILS BECAUSE OF DIFFERENT TEMPERAMENTS.

Marriage, in most cases, is a failure because the husband and wife are not of the same temperament. I believe that in order to make marriage a success there must be team work. A man should seek love and companionship, not beauty, when he seeks a wife.

T. McI.

FINDS MARRIAGE A CURE FOR ROMANCE.

Some marriages are failures because both parties to the conspiracy successfully deceive each other before marriage.

Courtship is a bluff which makes poker seem like a Sunday school game. The man appears as a demigod, with all the virtues of a saint

and the capabilities of a genius. He describes in minute detail his glorious future filled with economic conquests and great achievements. She appears always as a neat, smiling angel with the grace of a duchess and the culture of a queen. When they make the fatal blunder and each finds that the other is only a human being with many unexpected faults, illusion ends and trouble begins.

J. C. S.

MARRIED FIFTY YEARS FINDS IT SUCCESS.

Marriage is a system instituted by the great Architect of the Universe and with everything created pronounced good. To question its success is to question the wisdom of the author.

Husband and wife are so closely associated one-third of each day that mutual magnetic influences tend to harmonize any differences in temperament and disposition and to really make them one in thought and purpose in everything that pertains to each other's happiness and daily lives.

Man and woman are so wonderfully adapted for each other that they may regularly enjoy such thrills of exquisite pleasure and exaltation of mind as is impossible to describe and which greatly overbalance the petty troubles that may arise between them.

Marriage thereby is elevated above the earth to the sublime realm of the infinite and becomes the agency of the Almighty Ruler of all things in heaven and earth for continuing the creation of beings for useful lives here and immortality hereafter.

Occasionally a tree is a blot on the landscape and sometimes we find a man so gnarled, twisted or warped in mind and body that he is a disgrace to the marriage state and should be evicted therefrom for the good of the world.

In a few days my wife and I will reach our fiftieth anniversary, and I give my sentiments for the benefit of the doubtful or undecided.

M. W.

YOUNG GIRLS HAVE WRONG IDEA BEFORE MARRIAGE.

No two people on earth can see each other morning and night year in and year out without getting on each other's nerves at times, no matter how much they profess to care for each other. That is why marriage is not one continual courtship, as we would like it to be.

Young girls of the marriageable age think to acquire a husband means freedom, pretty clothes, and plenty of money to spend on things that take their fancy. But on finding that home is a room and kitchenette and freedom wheeling the baby in the afternoon after doing a small wash and cleaning up their visions soon fade and the cares of life soon make themselves known.

Life becomes to the young couple a daily grind, with a little pleasure once in a while, in place of the wonderful married life of which they both dreamed. That is why there are so few happy marriages. People go into marriage not realizing the responsibility. They wake up in a short time, and thus the divorce courts are kept busy.

E. G. D.

When a Girl Marries

An Interesting Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

MY lunch with Daisy was a failure. I felt that the girl was at once bored and guarded. She cluded me. To her evident agony and to my real embarrassment, she insisted on reverting to the ring again with raw honesty.

"I'm in your power, Mrs. Harrison. You can do what you like with me, you know. My life is really in fee to you. I'm a thief and I know it, and I'm ready to pay off in any way you see fit."

From this attitude I couldn't move the girl, and as it was evidently no less than torture to her to be with me I made up my mind this must be the last she'd ever see of me unless she chose to have it otherwise. This fitted in with what I had half promised Jim when agreeing that I'd rely on his judgment rather than my own in future. I wouldn't be "Mrs. Fixit" any longer. Leaving Daisy to her own devices was a good way to prove the sincerity of my promise to Jim and myself.

As we finished our lunch I said with seeming lightness, which held a promise nevertheless: "Daisy, I can see that you're busy—that your new work absorbs you. I don't want you to slip out of my life the way Kate did. But I can't force myself on you. Won't you—when you feel you really want to see me—let me hear from you. And make it soon."

"Why, of course, I'll call you up as soon as I have the time," agreed Daisy in a tone of evident relief.

I almost felt that meant never, and after some shopping I returned to my apartment, where I found to my empty apartment. Hardly had I arrived, however, when a caller was announced. It was Irma Warren, and I went out to greet her in my very real delight.

AN UNUSUAL GIRL.

She wore the simplest of navy-blue foulards dotted in white, and a neat little white sailor of the round, flat style she seemed to affect topped it. She had the look of radiant health and wholesome simplicity so rare in big cities.

"I'm glad you're in," she said, unprompted. "I know very few girls, and—and I always did so want to know you. But you seemed so busy, and I felt sort of ashamed of being useless and old-fashioned." She added in a breathless rush, as if she were afraid she'd not get it said unless she got it out quickly.

"And I'm glad I'm in," I replied, "and gladder still I've joined the idle classes if it's to let me know you."

"Do you mean it, really?" asked the niece of the great Mr. Haldane with the utmost simplicity. "I've wanted to come every day, but I wasn't sure I couldn't be intrusive. Then today I met your brother on the street, and he told me Mr. Harrison was away, and I thought you might be a little lonely, as I am sometimes."

"I'm very lonely," I confessed. "And nothing nicer than this visit could have come to break it."

"Would you come home to dinner with me?" Irma Warren eagerly asked. "This is uncle's night out. You see, Sunday the chess game is

at our house and then every Friday evening goes over to the Chess Club."

"You haven't met many people in the city yet," I said half to myself. "But when you do they won't let you sit home sewing and reading."

"I do like to go to the theater or to a good concert. And uncle is so kind. We go every Thursday and Monday in season," she replied. "But I suppose you mean with young people. That would be nice. Do you suppose they'd like me?"

AN INVITATION.

"I know it," I declared. "Now, I've a suggestion. This is a warm evening—one of the last, I suppose. Instead of going to your home for dinner, won't you be my guest at a roof garden?"

"I'd love it. Uncle has taken me once or twice, but the drafts are bad for his rheumatism. Can we go without an escort?"

There was a wistful note in that question. The cry of youth for youth, of Phyllis for Corydon, and I determined that my pretty Irma should have an escort and an attentive one. So, leaving her encoiled in the living room with a good book, I went promptly to the telephone and called first Carl Booth, whose line didn't answer, and then Anthony Norreys, whose good Nora informed me that "Mr. Tony has left town for the weekend."

Gravely disappointed that I couldn't make things gay and festive for the dear, simple girl waiting for me so trustfully, I started back and met Hedwig in the hall. "Gentleman calling," she said.

"Now isn't that nice of Dame Fate! She provides an escort." I reflected, giving a little skip as I hurried back to the living room.

Bending over the couch from which Irma Warren was just rising to greet him was a familiar bulky figure. I was just in time to see him carry Irma's hand to his lips and to note the painful crimson which flooded her face. Then, as if sensing my presence, Tom Mason turned with a ready explanation: "I stopped in to see if I could motor you and Jimmie up the road for a bite, Donna Anna. And, behold, my kindly and watchful guardian angel sends Miss Warren to complete the party. You'll come, won't you, dear lady?"

"Why, we were going out to dinner," replied Irma Warren, guilelessly, yet with evident pleasure. "I thought probably Mrs. Harrison had asked you and that you'd been right in the neighborhood to get here so promptly."

Why, as Tom Mason ran his eyes over the girl's face with evident admiration—why did I suddenly see in her place Daisy Condon, with a dangle of bronze braid half about her face?

(To Be Continued.)

The Plain Man.

"An optimist is a man who cherishes vain hopes, and a pessimist is a man who nurses vain regrets."—And what is a man who does both? "Oh, he's just a plain, ordinary person."



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